

THE LEISURE HOUR.

BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,
AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND.—*Cooper.*



IN THE OLD CHURCHYARD.

"WAIT A YEAR."

CHAPTER IV.

THE second Sunday after Mr. Moreton received Mr. Sinclair's letter, the sharp eyes of Nita detected a stranger in clerical garb among the congregation, and announced the fact at the early dinner, suggesting that it might be Mr. Sinclair.

"How ungentlemanly to come here secretly like

that, prying into your affairs and taking you by surprise," exclaimed Mrs. Moreton.

"And to be in such a hurry, too; it is scarcely more than ten days since he informed you of his intention to take the living—very ungentlemanlike. He cannot be a good man."

"My dear!" said the rector, reprovingly; he had to check her so often, and this was his usual mode. He then addressed his daughter, "You say that you saw a stranger in church; where did he sit?"

No. 1412.—JANUARY 13, 1879.

PRICE ONE PENNY.

"Near the door, half hidden behind the pillar. I did not see him come in, but I perceived him soon after the service commenced, and I saw him go out directly the sermon was finished. Mamma was so long collecting her things together that by the time she moved and I was able to get outside the church he was not even in sight."

"I cannot think well of a man who comes among us on the sly like that," persisted Mrs. Moreton.

"The church is open to all," answered the rector, with his calm smile; "but had he, in accordance with your notions, blown the trumpet before him, it would have made no difference. After all, it may not have been Mr. Sinclair."

In the afternoon all doubt, however, was removed. The stranger went into the vestry after service and introduced himself.

"Mr. Sinclair is staying at the Abbey with Sir Felix Hampton," said Mr. Moreton on joining his family at the tea-table. "He will lunch with us tomorrow, my dear. Make him welcome for all our sakes."

The last words were somewhat diplomatic. Without actually owning to himself that such precaution was necessary, he endeavoured to protect his guest from any unpleasant insinuation, by suggesting the idea that it might be to her advantage to be agreeable. Sir Felix's name would not, he thought, be without effect. To convince Mrs. Moreton that Mr. Sinclair did her husband no wrong in taking back the charge only temporarily confided to him, was impossible. The abstract justice of the act was beyond her comprehension. Like many a mind narrowed to its own interests, hers could only see the palpable loss incurred, and would not understand that this was but the logical result of the situation.

Mona's good sense often stepped in to counteract the incurable weakness of her mother's reasoning, and it was chiefly to her that Mr. Moreton looked to prevent or explain away any solecisms or unwelcome remarks with which his wife would sometimes startle people.

"Remember, my dear, that we have enjoyed a good income for twelve years, for which we are indebted to Mr. Sinclair, and that he is very kindly disposed towards us," said Mr. Moreton the next day, as the handsome carriage of Sir Felix Hampton stopped before the Rectory gate. All the morning, in different words, he had been labouring to impress this one lesson upon her mind, and at the last moment repeated it. "Do not let Mr. Sinclair think us graceless or ungrateful," he added with a smile that had some entreaty in it as he left the room to welcome his guest.

Perhaps the fact that he came in Sir Felix Hampton's carriage insured him the reception he met with; certainly not his own merits, for Mrs. Moreton made it evident that she condescended in receiving him amiably and in overlooking the small claim he had to her attention. Her husband wished her to make herself agreeable; she did so, as she understood the request. Elegantly dressed in a light flowing material, suited to the warm temperature of the day, she sat in negligent grace upon a couch, with her two girls not far off, toying with a piece of tapestry, not doubting that her own and daughters' beauty would make a favourable impression which might, she hoped, be turned to account some future day. She was one so occupied with herself and what belonged to her as to have little discernment of the character of others. To Mona, who saw more clearly, the rôle her

mother assumed was no small mortification. Mrs. Moreton set her features into what might be termed a benevolent smile, and questioned her visitor about his return to England rather freely, throwing into her manner a kind of patronage which, to most men, would have been either highly amusing or offensive. The effect upon Mr. Sinclair was not easy to ascertain. Some of her inquiries and remarks he answered, others he did not appear to hear, having at that moment addressed his host; but the handsome face never altered its expression, and the firm, well-shaped mouth never relaxed into more than a faint smile, yet in all that he said or did ran an unimpeachable politeness and a gentleness that only served to give the lady greater boldness of speech and a fatuous reliance upon her power of influencing.

The luncheon was over, and Mr. Moreton was gone into his study to fetch some papers for Mr. Sinclair's inspection, when Mrs. Moreton unmasked her battery. She had a battle of her own to win, of which her husband knew nothing. "We have been thinking, Mr. Moreton and I, that you may not really be in any hurry to come to Hillesden, that you would never wish to inconvenience us, and would gladly give us full time to look about and arrange our affairs, a year at least. This change will be such a loss to us. My son, who is at college, has yet another year to remain, and we could not possibly keep him there with less income than we have at present."

"Oh, mother, mother! Mr. Sinclair ought not to be troubled with our affairs. How can you?" exclaimed Mona, in a tone of remonstrance, flushing crimson with shame at the indelicacy of this appeal.

"With less income than we have at present it would be impossible to finish his college education," continued Mrs. Moreton, waving her hand towards Mona as if she were brushing away a buzzing fly. "His father has set his heart upon his entering the Church. Another year, and he could take his degree, could you not leave us in possession another year?"

Hurrying quickly through the last sentence that she might not be interrupted, Mrs. Moreton smiled persuasively upon her auditor, glad to have touched the point she intended, heedless alike of his confusion and Mona's distress, whose cheek flashed again with mortification as she vainly tried to stop her.

"Don't, mamma, oh, please don't."

Mr. Sinclair drew himself up in his chair, his lustrous eyes glowing with strong feeling. The silence that followed this strange episode was not entirely the result of surprise. He was thinking of Helen, and fearing her influence if he deferred entering upon his work. Now that the battle was so nearly won, he was most unwilling to turn back. Had he not all but put his hand to the plough? When his features regained their former repose he glanced towards the two girls.

Nita was smiling; the proposition pleased her. Another year at the Rectory was a pleasant prospect. Though only a temporary advantage, she saw how much good might come out of it for Edward.

"No, no, mother, that cannot be—it is most unjust; my father will be so vexed," Mona said, thinking chiefly of him and repudiating her mother's request with the energy of her honest nature. "Please, Mr. Sinclair, forget what has been said; my mother is too anxious about Edward," she whispered low and hastily, as Mrs. Moreton turned her head aside at her husband's entrance.

Mr. Moreton had found the papers he had been

seeking, and handed them to Mr. Sinclair. They related only to the parish, which was a reason for the ladies to leave the two gentlemen together. While they bent their heads over the pages, Mrs. Moreton, signing to her daughters to follow, left the room triumphant.

"If he has any feeling, he will leave us in peace another year, and that will be something gained," said she, throwing herself into one of her pretty easy-chairs. "I am glad I said it; your father never would have had the courage to ask for a reprieve."

"Oh! mother, how could you?" said Mona, reproachfully.

"It was very thoughtless of you to interfere, Mona. It was the cleverest thing I ever did," she added, exultingly.

"My father will not think so."

"Your father will not object to the benefit, and will perhaps be less distrustful of my diplomacy for the future," laughed Mrs. Moreton. "And by the man's face I think he will listen to me. I made an impression. You know, girls, he never said a word in opposition, nor did he even once give an opinion of his own. With a little tact I believe I could do what I liked with him. I shall propose to your father to leave the negotiations with Mr. Sinclair to me. Why do you shake your head, Mona? Has Mr. Sinclair uttered one syllable of dissent from us since he entered the house? He is, I am sure, a good, easy sort of man."

"I read him very differently," replied Mona.

Nita only knew that he had a handsome face, and thought it a pity that he stooped.

"Mr. Sinclair is a good, easy sort of man, not so polite as I expected from his manners at table, since he has gone away without taking leave of me," repeated Mrs. Moreton to her husband when he joined her after the departure of his guest.

"He sent you a message, my dear—his compliments and excuses."

"That is nothing; I thought better of him," she answered, ruffled at what she termed a discourtesy, and dropped for a time all further reference to Mr. Sinclair.

For many days after this visit Mr. Moreton went about his parish as usual. He told nothing of what had transpired in the hour's interview after luncheon, nor was he aware of what had occurred during his short absence from the dining-room. Mona did not tell, not supposing that anything would come of it, nor did she care to see her father vexed. If the story came to his ears at all she thought it ought to be through her mother, and kept to herself any opinion she had about Mr. Sinclair sending his compliments instead of taking a personal leave. That he bowed low as he opened the dining-room door when they left the room, did not compensate for the averted eye and very quiet demeanour. Mona had the humiliation of feeling that her mother had not gained his respect, and could rarely think of Mr. Sinclair without a twinge of pain. By the others the visit was soon apparently forgotten; on her it had cast a shadow, which remained.

Though Mr. Moreton neglected no duty, and went about his work as usual, she perceived a difference in him. More and more plain and earnest were the words of exhortation to the sick or the careless, in the cottage and by the wayside, as he encountered the one or the other. For some years his health had not been robust, yet no one looked upon him as a

confirmed invalid. He was not a strong man—he never had been—nevertheless, he got through as much work as the clergy of any of the neighbouring parishes.

The Sunday after Mr. Sinclair's visit Mona waited behind the rest, as she often did, to walk home with her father. Instead of leaving by the vestry door as usual, Mr. Moreton returned to the church, and went slowly round it, stopping in front of the pulpit.

"A hireling whose own the sheep are not," he repeated, in a low tone—"surely I have not been that! Pardon my shortcomings, and grant—oh, grant that none but a pure gospel may ever issue from this spot!" he said, aloud, and then stood for a few minutes still and silent.

Desirous not to disturb him, Mona moved gently away, looking back with a vague fear of approaching sorrow stealing over her. He soon joined her, and they walked down the aisle together. At the end he looked back—it was a long, lingering look, which deepened into greater tenderness as he stood in the old churchyard, glancing from one grey stone to another, where "the forefathers of the hamlet slept," and then rested his eye on the venerable walls, mantled with a profusion of dark-leaved ivy, in which the birds built and chirruped so merrily.

"What is it? You seem sad. Have you heard from Mr. Sinclair? Are you going to leave Hillesden soon?" asked Mona, softly, clasping his hand. "I thought Mr. Sinclair offered you to stay on if you liked?"

"He did, but I do not see my way to do so; and yet my people, my little flock, I should grieve to leave them—to give them over to—"

"Do you not like Mr. Sinclair?" asked Mona, surprised, her sympathetic heart having been drawn to him because, with all his worldly prosperity, he had not appeared happy or at ease.

"He is a young man compared with me, and has no experience of the care of souls; no knowledge beyond the theories picked up in the world, and his world is a very different one from ours. The great needs of human nature must be always the same, but the necessary remedies are not always understood. It is the fashion to run after a favourite physician, and also among physicians to keep for a period to one nostrum, and when that has lost its novelty to take up with another. Alas! that there should ever be a fashion in religion! The faithful minister cannot follow it. For him whatever is new is suspicious. There is no improvement upon the old, old story—there are no discoveries in fundamental truths. More eternal than the hills is God's word; they may pass away, but that never, nor can it be changed by all the embroidery that men and women are trying to put upon it. I fear we shall see something of this at Hillesden. Mr. Sinclair hinted at some alterations more in accordance with the times."

To Mona, who thought her father's way of conducting the service perfect, no alterations could be other than deteriorations. This desire on the part of Mr. Sinclair lowered him in her estimation, and the fine, intellectual face lost something of its attractiveness. There was yet the remembrance of the soft, grey eye, so expressive, as she supposed, of kindliness and goodness, and to this she referred.

"But Mr. Sinclair looks so benevolent, so full of what poets term 'the kindly charities of life.' I am sure he wishes to do right."

"It may be so; God forbid that I should judge

him harshly! He is at all events a resolute man, and will act according to his convictions, whatever they may be. If they are not correct he must be censured for them as much as for his actions."

Mona did not answer, she was puzzling her young head over a question that older ones have often settled on the wrong side.

"My child, if a thing is not right in itself, no earnestness of purpose can make it so," observed Mr. Moreton, guessing her thoughts. "It is but vain casuistry to attempt it. Will you remember that throughout your life?—it will save you from much anxiety, perhaps from sorrow, or even remorse. Bear in mind that the great apostle, with all his wealth of learning, never made one single attempt to justify his mistaken zeal, but regarded it as an accumulation of his guilt that he did it ignorantly in unbelief."

"Will Mr. Sinclair like you to leave?" asked Mona, referring again to the change at which Mr. Moreton had hinted.

"Most probably, if he really understands me, although he did not say so. It may be difficult for us to work together. More warmth in the service he desires! Yes, we want it, but the warmth that stirs from a state of torpor, that disperses the haziness through which man sees his most important interests, that melts his indifference, and makes him cling to the pure, simple word of God. He spoke with admiration of some things of which I do not approve, and referred to the 'revival' of recent years, meaning by that term a very different revival from what I desire to see in the Church. It will grieve me to see novelties introduced which will assuredly perplex, not strengthen, the faith of my simple-minded parishioners."

The following Sunday Mr. Sinclair was again seen in church, this time in Sir Felix Hampton's pew, his grave intellectual face raised in fixed attention to the preacher with immovable calmness. The subject of the sermon, almost an elementary one, was the jailer of Philippi—his question and the apostle's answer. Though Mr. Moreton possessed no striking eloquence there was the pathos of simplicity, combined with the majesty of truth, in all that he said; an intensity of earnestness gave additional force to the Saxon language he always tried to use, because it finds readier access to the rural ear, as, with the courage of duty, he entreated his hearers never to be carried away by any changes that might be going on around them, and exhorted them to keep to the law and the testimony. They were to believe the promises of God as well as His threatenings, to believe them in their lives, and never suffer anything whatsoever to dim the brightness of His love towards sinners nor to stand between them and their Saviour, to whom every sorrowing weary man or woman or little child might find access if they would. "How shall I plead with you? How shall I warn you never to forsake the old paths for new?" he exclaimed, as he was about to finish, stretching out his hands in a supplicating attitude. "There is but one Name by which ye may be saved." He remained silent for a moment after uttering the last word, and then sank back on his seat, a grey pallor stealing over his face. Finding that he did not stand up again, the little congregation began to disperse, some slowly and silently.

They knew that their minister was ill, subject to spasmodic attacks, and had some idea that he was

about to be superseded by the patron, whose presence with Sir Felix Hampton had already drawn attention to him. Others, less thoughtful, amused themselves with idle comments upon the stranger.

"Oh, my! isn't he a stiff-un?" said a young lad who was loitering near the gate as Mr. Sinclair drove off with Sir Felix and Lady Hampton.

"Stiff and crooked too, for all that he holds himself so proudly," said another.

"He proud! There was no pride in his fine eyes when he looked at me," said Elizabeth Beaumont, the village beauty.

"The vain hussey!" growled an elderly woman who was passing and overheard the remark. "I don't believe he even saw you. What would a grand gentleman like that look at you for? It is my mind that he does not think much of any of us; he never moved nor turned his head from the time he went into the church till he came out of it. I wonder what he thought of our minister's sermon? He'll not preach as well himself, I reckon. Eh, but how ill he looks! Hush!"

The last pronoun referred to Mr. Moreton, who was advancing with Mr. Graves, the churchwarden, a rich man having an especial veneration for his own opinions, and who was now figuratively patting Mr. Moreton on the back.

"You were grand to-day, sir; the trumpet gave no uncertain sound. I hope our smart young man over the way will profit by what he heard."

"You are not referring to Mr. Sinclair?" said Mr. Moreton, in a cold, repellent tone.

"Whom else should I mean? I know a fact or two, having made it my business to inquire about him. Why, Mr. Sinclair is one of those foreign birds that will coo a strange song in our aviary. I could have sworn that you knew it, too, or you would not have spent your strength in warning us to look sharp. These are remarkable days, and we are not yet at their climax."

Mr. Graves had a phraseology of his own; to his own mind it expressed his meaning, and therefore he thought it would do so to others. "Mr. Sinclair asked the clerk a lot of questions yesterday about parish matters, and did not seem satisfied with his answers. I hope it will be long before you leave us, sir, though I know that Mr. Sinclair is going to be instituted, as they call it, to the living. For me, old faces are always the best."

Mr. Moreton murmured a feeble "Thank you" as he left the churchwarden and moved homewards, absorbed in thought. With such a diversity of views as existed between him and Mr. Sinclair, he felt it highly improbable that they could go on well together, even had he been in circumstances to accept willingly the stipend of a curate. Mrs. Moreton's tastes were rather extravagant, nor could he restrain her as much as he wished. He had made a great stand to secure the education of his children and keep his son at college. He had, besides, contrived to pay an insurance to secure a thousand pounds for his family at his death; but that was all, and this had cost him every personal sacrifice he could make. His frail life was all that stood between the objects of his affection and poverty or privation. Often had he fretted against it, and oftener still, turning to his eldest child as his *confidante* and consolation, had he endeavoured to prepare and strengthen her for the rough and difficult path before her.

Mr. Sinclair did not appear in Hillesden again,

though he sent to inquire after Mr. Moreton the following day in conjunction with the Hamptons. Before the week was out Mr. Moreton received a letter from him stating that he had been instituted to the living, and was going abroad, intending to pass the summer in Switzerland. He also expressed a hope that he might hereafter be able to make arrangements to secure the continuation of Mr. Moreton's services.

"That means that he intends giving you enough to pay Edward's expenses," said Mrs. Moreton, putting her own construction upon the letter. "Now, my dear, never think little of my clever-

ness again. You owe this consideration to me, and I should not wonder if he allows us to live in the Rectory, too. The proverb says, 'Nothing venture, nothing have.' I am so glad I asked him," and Mrs. Moreton, with great complacency, related the bold request she had made to Mr. Sinclair.

"I am very sorry that you did so," replied her husband, gravely, and with an accent of real disapprobation, though he spoke wearily.

"Sorry! How absurd both you and Mena sometimes are! It is a good thing for us all that now and then I set your opinions on one side, and presume to act for myself."



A Winter Song.

THE wild wind sweeps
O'er vale and hill;
Bold robin peeps
Upon the sill.

The rushing river
For once is dumb;
Bare branches shiver—
'Tis winter come.

Slow wakes the morn;
Swift falls the night
In woods forlorn,
On pastures white.

And meadows hoary
With frost and rime,
Replace the glory
Of summer time.

Yet lack we neither warmth nor store;
So does our Maker's care abound.
To prove our gratitude the more
Let kindly deeds shed joy around;
And then shall winter ever be
Crowned with goodwill and charity.

S. E. G.

A GOSSIP ON WIGS

AND THE WIGS OF WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

I.

THE wigs of the old Abbey! And why not? since perhaps it furnishes the most popular and accessible means of surveying the varied generations of the wig? As in an ancient house—some ancient castle or old hall—walking down the picture-gallery you have, almost at a glance, the wigs, not to mention the various other pieces of head-gear, of many ages,

so the old Abbey contains within its sacred enclosures, over the tombs of its statesmen, judges, bishops, archbishops, public characters, and private gentlemen, illustrations of the rise, the growth, the decline, and the fall of the empire of the wig. It is not so in St. Paul's, from whose more modern tombs we almost vainly seek for types of the strange fashion.

The great fathers of the Church, such as St. Cyprian and St. Ambrose, not to mention St. Bernard, who is in a way and by comparison one of our own times, would have been sorely scandalised at this conservation of wigs. Upon few things were these respectable old fathers more ready to express themselves vehemently than upon all kinds of false hair. We cannot refer to the paragraph, but if our affirmation could be called in question, we should be able to lay our finger upon some pleasant saying of St. Cyprian to the effect that there is more hope for a man who has broken all the Ten Commandments than for one who wears false hair, a statement of opinion which must have been very comfortable to many ears. And Tertullian says, "You were not born with wigs; God did not give them to you; God not giving them, you must necessarily have received them from the devil." Thus, so far from having wigs in the Abbey, the old saints clearly would have packed them away altogether—wigs and wearers.

But man, in all ages, appears to have taken pride in his hirsute appendages; there is something very aristocratic about hair, a statement which will only be contradicted by those who have not much or none; and these, we may suppose, first set the fashion of adorning the bald brow. This remark leads to the very interesting question, what do we mean by the word wig? The most probable etymology derives the word from the French *peruque*. Todd expresses his surprise that Dr. Johnson should have taken no notice of this derivation of periwig. Late in the sixteenth century, peruke was written *perwicke*, as, by T. Churchyard, and in the following, *perewake*, by Fuller; afterwards it became *periwig*; and in modern times was contracted into *wig*. According to Fairholt, the earliest notice of periwigs occurs in the privy purse expenses of Henry VIII, where we find under December, 1529, an entry of twenty shillings "for a *perwyke* for Sexton, the king's fool."

We know that from old times the mass of hair upon the head was a mark of dignity and aristocracy, and we are reminded of the days when a great physician could have got on better without his Latin than without his wig, and lawyers and judges by this extraordinary coronet were elevated to a singular place of reverence and awe. A Somersetshire boy went with his father to the county town to be present at the assizes, and to see the awful judge. When they went in the judge was sitting in the place of judgment, as judges often sit, in a state of perfect and solemn quiet. The lad gazed and admired, but presently the judge moved. "Father! father!" exclaimed the boy, "it's alive! it's alive!" It has been irreverently said that if barrister or judge were to lay aside the wig, he would part with a large amount of the reverence wherewith he is surrounded and hedged in as with "the divinity that doth hedge a king."

Look at those bishops, too, in the Abbey, represented in the persons of Zachary Pearce and John Thomas. Time was, in our boyhood, when we never saw a bishop without his wig, and very uncomfortable it must have been. Ah! the bench of bishops ought, in solemn convocation, to have pronounced some special episcopal blessing upon our old and well-known friend, Sir George Sinclair, for to him they were first indebted for the royal permission to dispense with this more troublesome kind of mitre. It happened in this way. George IV had been frequently appealed to for the issue of some royal and merciful

mandate for the discontinuance of the episcopal wig; but he would, on no account, permit it to be given up; with him the bishop was in the wig, imitating in this—pity that he did not imitate in some other matters also—his royal father, George III. When Dr. Randolph kissed hands with that sovereign on his elevation to the bishopric, he dared to present himself before the king without a wig. The good-natured king said to him, "My lord, you have no wig. Don't you mean to wear a wig?" The bishop meekly replied in the negative. Some conversation ensued; but at its close, as he was leaving the royal presence, the king said to him, "You must have a wig!" It is said that Dr. Randolph was not obedient to the royal command. Certainly not until the reign of William IV did the bishops cease to be episcopowigians. Sir George Sinclair, whose amiability, scholarship, and courtliness made him the favourite of all society, from the days when he sat on the same form at Harrow with Sir Robert Peel and Lord Byron, to the close of his life, was at the palace at Fulham when the good Dr. Blomfield was its occupant. Sir George was just leaving London, on a visit to his Majesty at Brighton. He asked the bishop whether he could deliver any message from him to the king. The weather was extremely hot, and the bishop jocularly replied, "You may present my duty to his Majesty, and say that at this tropical season I find my episcopal wig a serious encumbrance, and that I wish he would not consider me guilty of a breach of Court etiquette if I were to lay it aside." To amuse the king, in the course of their conversation, Sir George told the story, repeating the message. The good-natured king, however, took it up seriously, and replied, "Tell the bishop he is not to wear a wig on my account. I dislike it as much as he does, and shall be glad to see the whole bench wear their own hair." Dr. Blomfield very gladly took the hint, other bishops followed his example, and thus the episcopal wig was gradually discontinued; not at once, however. Archbishops especially ought to be conservative of sacred and time-honoured usages, and we remember to have seen at a memorable meeting in London, in the reign of Queen Victoria, both Canterbury and York adorned with these discomforts of the times of old.

But our judges have not attained to the happiness of our bishops; no dispensation from the ancient usage has been given to them. Were George III amongst us he might still look complacently upon the judges' bench and the bar, however his sense of propriety might be shocked by the bench of bishops, for he was quite as inexorable concerning the former as we have seen him to be towards the latter. When Eldon was made Chief Justice of the Common Pleas it was customary for the judges to wear powdered bush wigs as part of their ordinary costume. The appendage was not pleasant, and at a much later period the well-known Baron Park's wig earned for him the ordinary designation of "Bushey Park." Lady Eldon liked the peerage very well for her husband, but she did not like the wig. She was very proud of his handsome looks, and it was by her persuasion he begged the king to give him a dispensation from the wig on account of headache. "No, no," said the startled monarch, "I will have no innovations in my time." Eldon urged that the wig itself was an innovation, since the old judges did not wear it. "True," said the king; "you may do as they did, if you like. They wore no wigs; they wore

their beards." But Eldon appears to have preferred the wig to the beard, so there was no innovation.

But we are travelling on too fast, and are reaching the story of the dissolution before dwelling upon the origin and succession of the dynasty of the wig. As with so many other ridiculous innovations and absurdities of fashion, we seem to be indebted for this also to France. It was in the reign of Charles II that they became efflorescent in this country, although the king was not one of the first to adopt the fashion, which surprised Mr. Pepys, because the king was, as that old gossip expresses it, "mighty grey." Indeed, it is to that curious piece of garrulity, Mr. Samuel Pepys, we are indebted for our descriptions of our first wigs, and the effect they produced upon astonished human nature in those times. When that most odd chronicler mounted his wig for the first time it seems to have been less sensationally efficacious than he expected. He tells us how he went to church "in full buckle and perriwig," and says "it did not prove so strange as I was afraid it would, for I thought that all the church would presently have cast their eyes upon me." It is concerning this wig which made its appearance in church "Lord's Day, November 8th, 1663," that we find a previous entry under "November 3rd." "Home, and by-and-bye comes Chapman, the perriwig-maker; and upon my liking it (the wig), without more ado, I went up, and then he cut off my haire, which went a little to my heart at present to part with it, but it being over, and my perriwig on, I paid him three pounds, and away went he with my own haire to make up another of, and I, by-and-bye, went abroad, after I had caused all my maids to look upon it, and they concluded it do become me, though Jane was mightily troubled for my parting with my own haire, and so was Bessie." Something of the character of the wig of this epoch may be seen in the illustrations (p. 40, Nos. 3 and 9) of Congreve and Sir Cloudesley Shovel.

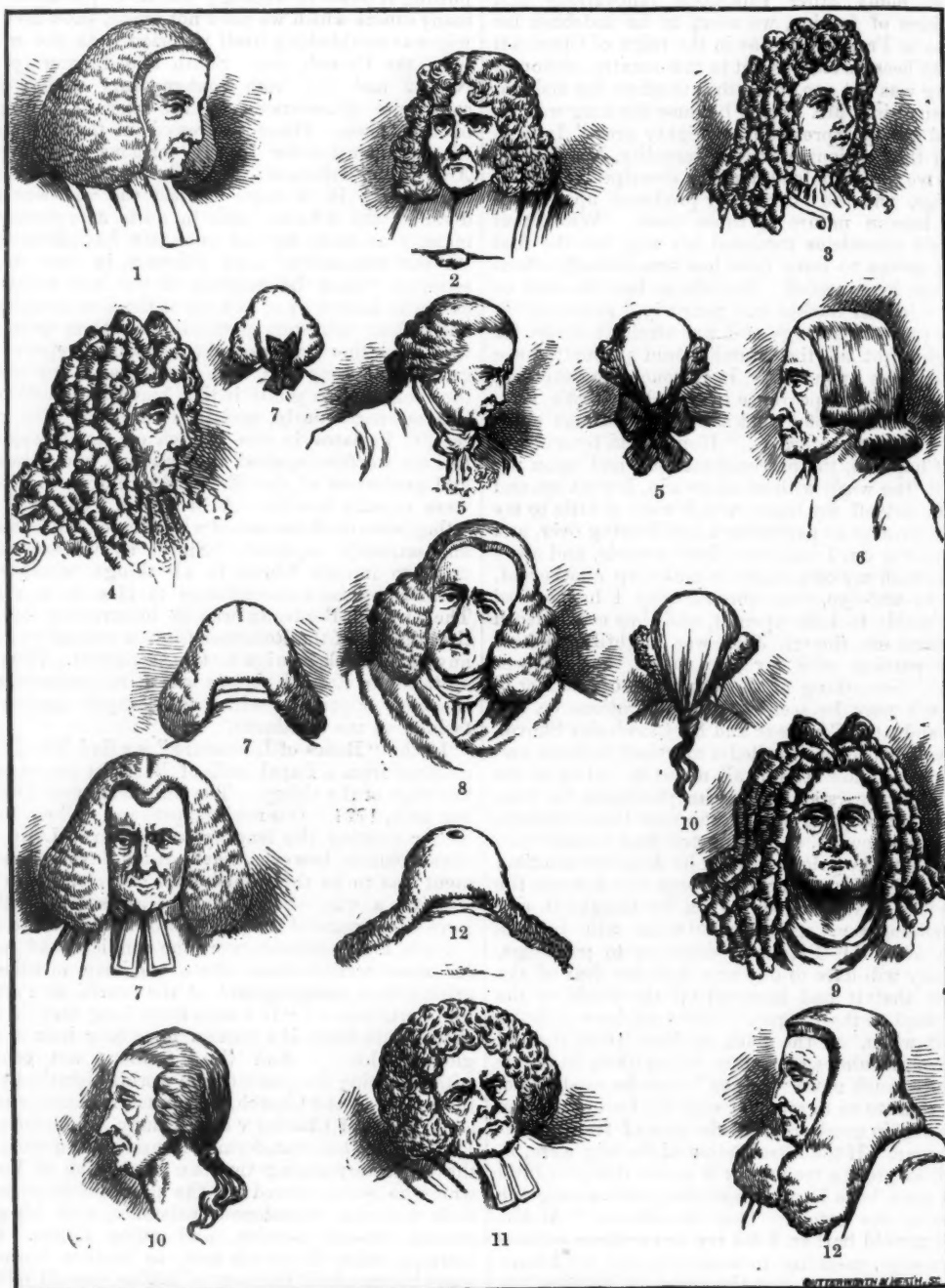
Pepys has been well called a martinet in dress, and the vain old fellow tells us all about it. How in the course of six years and a half he purchased for himself five periwigs, of which one cost three pounds, another two pounds, and two more four pounds ten, and another, the price of which he does not mention, and which he did not wear for some time because the plague was in Westminster when he bought it, and he wonders, very naturally, "what will be the fashion after the Plague is done as to perriwigs, for nobody will dare to buy any hair for fear of the infection that it had been cut off the heads of the people dead of the Plague." Then we have a choice little bit when, on the 30th of May, 1668, the old dandy congratulates himself on being likely to go for the future much more "spruce" than he used to do, having come to an agreement with his barber to keep his periwig in good order at the rate of twenty shillings a year. If the introduction of the wig were, in general, as great a trouble as it was to this poor little man, it must have been an agitating time among the families of the nation. Thus, he tells us, "At Mr. Jervas', my old barber, I did try two or three borders and perriwigs, meaning to wear one, and yet I have no stomach for it, but that the pains of keeping my hair clean is so great; he trimmed me, and at last I parted; but my mind was almost altered from my first purpose, from the trouble which I foresee will be in wearing them also." His mind was greatly agitated and distressed, but shortly we read that he took poor Mrs. Pepys "to my perriwig-maker's, and there

showed my wife the perriwig made for me, and she likes it very well." Perhaps this is enough of wigs from this old chatterbox; we may marvel that any sensible man—which he certainly was—should be guilty of this egregious vanity on paper, deliberately putting it down in writing; but these passages, and many others which we need not quote, show how the wig was establishing itself victoriously in the world.

In the Church, too. South and Barrow (p. 40, Nos. 2 and 11), both contemporary with Pepys, contribute illustrations of the clerical head-gear of the times. Those interested in the history of the wig must refer to the sermons of the great Archbishop Tillotson; he is the first of the clergy represented in a wig; in fact the wig was now dividing the Church, and in quite as vehement a manner as more serious questions had divided it. "I can remember," says Tillotson, in one of his sermons, "since the wearing of the hair below the ears was looked upon as a sin of the first magnitude, and when ministers generally, whatever their text was, did either find, or make occasion to reprove the great sin of long hair, and if they saw any one in the congregation guilty in that kind they would point him out particularly, and let fly at him with great zeal." Prelates in the Church of Rome waged a furious warfare against the practice, and ministers and professors of the Reformed Church in France were equally hostile. A bishop of Toul said that "they were unchristianised who adopted the fashion," and seriously inquired, "Since, as we are called upon to imitate Christ in all things, whether we could recognise a resemblance to Him in a wig?" The city of Bordeaux was in insurrection because the minister of the Reformed Church refused to admit any of his flock in wigs to the sacrament. Thus the agitation in English society was faint compared with the fiery opposition which was waged against the fashion on the Continent.

In the "Relics of Literature" we find Mr. Collett quoting from a Papal bull of Benedict XIII against the wigs of the clergy. The bull bears date December 20th, 1724. Our readers, perhaps, will not thank us for quoting the lengthy and involved Latin, the sum of which, however, was that ten days' imprisonment was to be the punishment of a clergyman for wearing a wig. Surely the hairdressers ought to have been grateful for this bull of the infallible one.

Such, and so serious, were the conflicts, and many far more terrible than those we have mentioned, arising from misjudgment of the words of Paul to the Corinthians: "If a man have long hair it is a shame unto him; if a woman have long hair it is a glory to her." And thus fashion, not content with agitating the peace of the world, disturbed even the repose of the Church, very much reminding us of a story told of Charles V of Germany, when, from an Emperor, he had transformed himself into a monk, in the monastery among the lone mountains of Yuste, where he quite stirred up the poor old friars from their peaceful, monotonous existence, with his premature funeral service, and other follies. One morning, when it was his task, as Brother Carlo, to wake the monks at the hour of matins, one old fellow, whom he shook too violently because he still slept, said to him, "Hast thou not troubled the repose of the world long enough without coming to disturb that of peaceable men who have forsaken it?" Thus, of the fashion of the wig; as we have seen, it not only agitated the bosom of poor little Pepys, but prelates



WIGS IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

- | | | |
|---|--|----------------------------------|
| 1. Bishop Pearce, 1774. | 2. Dr. Isaac Barrow, 1677. | 3. William Congreve, 1738. |
| 4. Sidney, Earl Godolphin, 1712. | 5. David Garrick, 1779. | 6. John Wesley, 1791. |
| 7. Bishop Thomas, 1793. | 8. William Pitt (Earl of Chatham), 1778. | 9. Sir Cloudesley Shovell, 1707. |
| 10. Right Hon. James Stuart McKenzie, 1800. | 11. Dr. Robert South, 1716. | 12. Lord Mansfield, 1793. |



NOTTERWOOD & HEATH, SC

A PAGE OF WIGS.

and grave divines were compelled to feel the agitation also.

We need not refer to the perukes of the ages of Henry VIII in our own country, for there is an indication of their presence here then; or of Francis I, Henri Quatre, or Louis XIII of France; more especially as we shall find no illustrations of these periods in Westminster Abbey; but it was in the age of Louis XIV when the wig became imperial. Reader, hast thou ever seen him? *Louis le Magnifique* in all the glory and magnificence of the illustrious Ramilies wig, so named after the great battle before the town of Ramilies, by which, if France lost the whole of the Spanish Netherlands, Europe gained a wig from the vanity of Louis, of whom Mr. Thackeray irreverently speaks, in his "Henry Esmond," as "a little, wrinkled old man, pock-marked, and with a great periwig and red heels." The Ramilies wig soon came to our shores; the reader may see the likeness of it in the engraving of Lord Godolphin (p. 40, No. 4). The Ramilies wig and the Ramilies tie came into fashion at the same time; the wig survived until the reign of George III, the tie, as we know, survives still, an affecting reminiscence of the memory of departed warriors, fashionable courtiers, and great statesmen. But we must not so soon allow our royal friend Louis XIV to slip away from our pages; had we lived in his neighbourhood, he might have commanded us at his pleasure; he being dead we will command him to stay a little while for ours. Lord Lyttelton, in his letters, says: "Louis XIV annexed great dignity to his peruke, which he increased to an enormous size, and made a lion's mane the object of its similitude. That monarch, who daily studied the part of a king, was never seen uncovered but by the barber who shaved him. It was not his practice to exchange his wig for a nightcap till he was enclosed by his curtains, when a page received the former from his hand and delivered it to him in the morning before he undrew them. The figure of the great Bourbon must at times have been truly ridiculous."

But, talking of the ridiculous in wigs, even the ridiculous in Louis XIV was exceeded by the grotesque and unnatural fashion when even children had to yield their young beauty to its innovations. At the beginning of the last, the eighteenth century, little boys went to school in wigs and cocked-hats. Lord Lyttelton refers to the same absurd usage when he says, "Had I lived in the reign of good Queen Anne, my baby face must have been adorned with a full-bottomed periwig as large as that which bedecks the head and shoulders of Mr. Justice Blackstone when he scowls at the unhappy culprit who is arraigned before him."

Passing through galleries of old portraits, like those in such palaces as Versailles, and the Rosenberg in Copenhagen, we see how customary it was to dress children absurdly in the style and fashion of their parents. Miss Agnes Strickland says that "Marie Antoinette was the first person who broke the absurd fashion of dressing infant boys as droll miniatures of their fathers. She attired the unfortunate Dauphin in a simple blue jacket and trousers, for which she was reviled, as if little bag-wigs and tiny cocked-hats, and all the paraphernalia of full dress, had been points of moral obligation. There are noblemen yet in existence," she says, when writing her history, "who can remember, at six years old, joining the juvenile parties given by

George III and Queen Charlotte, dressed after the models of their fathers' court costumes, with powdered side-curls, single-breasted coat, knee-buckles, and shoe-buckles."

The full-bottomed wig the reader will see in our illustration of the great Lord Mansfield (p. 40, No. 12), one of the most imposing monuments—one of the most imposing wigs, too—in the Abbey. That same wig, after the remains of the great lawyer had been safely consigned to these illustrious vaults, became the subject of a very odd litigation, of which the interested reader may see an account in the "Times" newspaper for 1823. An action was brought by a Mr. Williams, a barber, against a Mr. Lawrence, Mr. Williams, who had made wigs innumerable for the great celebrities of the day—even for Dr. Johnson—prided himself chiefly upon the fact that he had made Lord Mansfield's full State wig. After the death of the illustrious wearer, the wig came back again, by some means, into the perukier's possession. Shocking to say, this very wig was graciously lent by the barber to one Lawrence, also one of the legal profession, but an amateur actor. In this wig he proposed to disport himself in the character of Shylock. The plaintiff could not get it back again, and brought the action for its recovery. We write it with tenderness; the wig had, by some calamity, been burnt, and the judge awarded to the plaintiff the sum of £2 as a compensation for the loss of the sacred relic. Such is the romance of Lord Mansfield's wig.

The full-bottomed wig was grand and imposing by its associations, and Mrs. Inchbald, in her "Nature and Art," that most pleasant, although forgotten little story, is guilty of no extravagance when she makes a little boy bow to his uncle's wig as he happens to see it on the peg in his uncle's dressing-room. There was something awful about it; it was of this that Cumberland, the dramatist, wrote, in "The Cholerick Man," "Believe me, there is much good sense in old distinctions. When the law lays down its full-bottomed periwig, you will find less wisdom in bald pates than you are aware of." "Wearing a wig," said Sir John Sinclair, "is an excellent practice for the old, the tender, and the studious." "The invention of wigs," says Christopher Blount, "is of so great use, and saves men so much trouble, that it can never be laid aside. It helps to disguise the thief, to make an ill face tolerable, the tolerable handsome, to ease the lazy of trouble, and to make men their vassals if women would but wear them." The difficulty with many of these singular accretions must have been in the necessity for an exactitude of fit, and their exposure to any unexpected accident, as in the case of our friend John Gilpin:

"Away went Gilpin, and away
Went Gilpin's hat and wig;"

but our readers will remember that the first disaster was followed by another, when his friend the Calender

"Came with hat and wig,
A wig that flowed behind,
-A hat not much the worse for wear
Each comely in its kind.
He held them up and in his turn
Thus showed his ready wit,
My head is thrice as big as yours,
They therefore needs must fit."

But again,

"Away went Gilpin, and away
Went Gilpin's hat and wig;
He lost them sooner than at first,
For why? They were too big."

And stories are not wanting of passionate old gentlemen who gave vent to their wrath by snatching the wig from their heads, and casting it from them. In Reubillac's fine monument of Handel we are reminded of this. The rapt composer is represented without any wig; and the story is told how, being introduced into an orchestra, when at a preconcerted signal every performer played out of tune and time, filling the room with inconceivable discords, Handel snatched his wig from his head, sent it flying along the ceiling, and rushed from the tempest of distracting sounds.

THE AKHUND OF SWAT.*

"Who, or why, of which, or what
Is the Akhund of Swat?
Is he tall, or short, or dark, or fair?
Does he sit on a stool, or sofa, or chair?
Or squat? The Akhund of Swat?†

ABDUL GHAFUR, the Akhund of Swat, the most notable ascetic of the nineteenth century, was a living reality until January, 1878, when he died at Sydu, a village in the Afghan hills, about a day's journey from the British cantonment of Peshawar.

Amongst the Mohammedans of Afghanistan the Akhund was pre-eminently the man of the age. His sayings and doings are still the themes of interest to thousands of homes where the great problems of life which agitate more educated minds have never gained entrance, nor have excited a moment's notice. What do the wild tribes of Bajour, Bonair, and Kunar know of "Darwin's Theory," or of the "Glasgow Bank failure"? But there is not a man, woman, or child who has not some vital interest in the opinions of the Akhund of Swat; not a village in which his influence was not visibly felt, and not a mosque in which his opinions on theology and law are not still discussed. Many an intelligent Moulvie, or village priest, has been removed from his position because the "Akhund Sahib" had pronounced him a heretic. Many an honest village farmer has come to unutterable grief for having dared to question the infallibility of the Pope of Sydu. And wherever the missionary of the Cross attempted to distribute copies of Christian books, they were either rejected or returned unread, because the "Swat Sahib" had warned the people of such "infidel" publications.

On two occasions have the rulers of Cabul sought his favour and support. Once when he was invited to join the standard of the late Amir Dost Mohammad Khan, and again when Amir Shere Ali, the present ruler of Cabul, compiled, or rather caused to be compiled, a book in support of the Akhund's opinions, and in refutation of those of his opponents. In 1863 the Akhund's aid was sought by the Satana fanatics in a war against the English at Umbeyla, and he remained with the army until the campaign

was over, giving them the threefold benefit of his presence, his advice, and his prayers. And only last year the Sultan of Turkey sent an embassy to solicit his prayers in behalf of the waning fortunes of Islam, whilst both Russian and British rulers have watched his movements with considerable interest.

The life of this celebrated man is therefore an interesting study. He was one of those "simple-minded Mohammedan missionaries" whom some English writers delight to honour, and his success in influencing the minds of his fellow-men was so great that it is important to know how he acquired his great reputation.

He was born about the year 1790, in a small shepherd's hamlet within the territory of Swat, of poor and obscure parents, and as soon as he was able to take care of himself he was sent by his father to tend cattle on his native hills; but at the age of sixteen he left his rural occupation and became a pupil in a village mosque, where he learnt the rudiments of reading. In due time he became a student, or *Talib-i-ilm* (a seeker after wisdom), under a learned man in the village of Gujargarri in the Peshawar valley. He soon left this mosque for that of a celebrated Muslim divine in the village of Todheyr. His teacher at Todheyr was then the most noted priest of the day, and one who carefully instructed his pupils in the Koran and the elements of dogmatic theology; but it does not appear that Abdul Ghafur ever drank very deeply at the fountain of wisdom, although he must have acquired some knowledge of the Mohammedan faith. It was whilst he was a student in the mosque at Todheyr that he decided to exchange the mosque for the "Takiya" (hermitage), and to enroll himself as a Dervish of the Qadiria order. Having been initiated into this order by his teacher, Abdul Ghafur turned his back on the world, and took up his abode on the little island of Beyka in the River Indus—which has since been washed away—and for twelve long years did this solitary spot resound with the melancholy cry of the devotee, "Thou art the Guide! Thou art the Truth!" For twelve years did this poor deluded seeker after truth practise the severest austerities. He lived in a small hut made of "Camel's thorn," which left him exposed to the cold chilling blast of winter, and many a lonely night did he pass, drenched to the skin, with no other food than *grass* and the milk of a buffalo.

Here he performed the ceremony of *Zikr*,* according to the rules of his order, whereby he hoped to obtain nearness to God and sanctification of spirit. Sometimes he would sit for hours and shout the word "Allah" (God), first from his left knee, then from his right, and lastly from the top of his head. Sometimes he would sit with his face towards Mecca, with his eyes closed, and cry out, "La," drawing the sound as from his navel up to his left shoulder; then "i-la-ha," drawing the sound from his brain, and lastly, "il-lal-la-hu,"† repeated with redoubled energy from his left side. Sometimes he would recite over and over again, with the help of his rosary, the ninety-nine names of God. Sometimes he would sit in solemn silence and meditate upon a verse of the Koran which would remind him of God's power, omniscience, and majesty. Thus did this poor devotee seek after God, and yet fail to obtain

* We are indebted for this paper to the Rev. T. P. Hughes, M.R.A.S., C.M.S. Missionary to the Afghans at Peshawar. Swat is a small independent State to the north of the Peshawar valley. It is governed by a number of independent chiefs, and its inhabitants consist of a semi-civilized race of fanatical Mohammedans. It is watered by the River Swat, and is an exceedingly fertile and productive country.

† Vide Lear's "Book of Nonsense."

* *Zikr* is the recital of the creed and the ninety names of God, etc., service performed by Dervishes. See "Notes on Mohammedanism," (W. H. Allen & Co.)

† This is the first part of the Mohammedan creed. There is no deity but God, i.e., *la-i-la-ha-il-lal-la-hu*.

peace to his soul, for the bright beams of gospel light had not shone into that heart, and the book before him spoke not reconciliation through the Cross of Jesus.

After this "devotional life," Abdul Ghafur was compelled by political circumstances—for the Sikhs then ruled the Peshawar valley—to leave his hermitage, and for a time he wandered about the surrounding hills unknown and uncared for. At last he settled down in a retired spot, near the village of Salim-khan, where he rose to notoriety on account of his well-known life of abstinence. Here he attached to himself a number of disciples, who soon spread his fame far and wide. The common people were unanimous in assigning to him the exalted position of a saint (a *Wali*), whilst the learned doctors, unable to stem the tide of popular favour, reluctantly dubbed him an Akhund, or teacher. Nothing succeeds like success. Soon the poor despised ascetic of Beyka was sought of princes. The Sikhs and Afghans were then at war, and that sagacious Afghan ruler, Dost Mohammad Khan, thought it expedient to attach to his army a religious leader whose presence would excite the religious fervour of the hosts of Islam against the infidel Sikhs. The Akhund was invited to join the Afghan standard, and in 1835, having exchanged the rosary for the sword—or perhaps having taken both—Abdul Ghafur set out with a motley group of students and joined the Afghans at the Khybar Pass. But neither the sanctity of his life nor the fervour of his prayers could secure victory, for the Afghans were defeated, and the Akhund fled with his few followers to the Bajour hills. From thence he went to Sydu in Swat, where he resided till his death.

In Swat his reputation gradually increased until he was at last raised to the position of a great religious leader. For a time he had to contend with formidable rivals in the persons of three celebrated scholars and doctors of Islam:—the Mulla of Kotah, Gholam Jilani of Peshawar, and the Akhund of Qasabai in the Khybar. Each of these three worthies were men not only of reputation for sanctity, but for eminent scholarship in Muslim law, and consequently the growing popularity of the Akhund of Swat was often threatened with extinction. But a little skilful management on the part of the great Akhund and his followers enabled them to use that most neutral of national institutions, the Indian Government, as an instrument for the direct suppression of unorthodox opinions. All the Akhund's opponents were charged with Wahhabyism. This excited the attention of Government. A special European officer was appointed to suppress the movement, and at one time not fewer than three hundred persons were placed in the Peshawar jail, who were as innocent of any intention "to war against the Queen" as the unsuspecting European official who thought he was suppressing a rebellion. Most of the leading followers of the Mulla of Kotah, and of Gholam Jilani, who were released from jail (for no charge was made out against them), were placed under the surveillance of the police, and the only way of escape from suspicion was to declare themselves believers in the orthodox Akhund. The Akhund of Qasabai, however, living, as he did, beyond British territory, could not be managed by diplomatic skill, so his rival of Swat hired men to ensure his quietus by the assassin's knife. He was killed whilst in the act of prostration in prayer.

And so the "great teacher" reigned supreme as the guide and director of the hearts of men, and until the very day of his death, January 15th, 1878, crowds of people from all parts of the Mohammedan world came to hear his wisdom and receive the benefit of his prayers. People from Arabia, Turkey, Persia, Hindustan, Afghanistan, and Bokhara, with an occasional Englishman or Russian (in disguise!), partook of his hospitality and obtained his blessing. Oftentimes as many as three or four hundred people visited him in the course of a single day, and there the old man sat in his mosque, day after day, offering prayers for the faithful, uttering denunciations against infidelity and heresy, and deciding questions of law. Every visitor, of course, presented an offering. These offerings were received by one of his attendants, and formed a fund wherewith to feed the crowds of visitors. The unsophisticated were assured that the food for the numerous guests was supplied from heaven!

Although the Akhund no longer practised the strict discipline of his religious order, he was very abstemious in his habits. He ate little, if anything, during the day, and did not take snuff nor smoke. But he had so far yielded to the advance of civilisation as to indulge freely in the use of tea, of which he drank as many as twenty or thirty cups daily.

It is well known that the Arabian Prophet encouraged matrimony both by example and precept: "He who enters upon marriage," said the prophet, "perfects his religion." There is therefore nothing monastic in the life of a Muslim saint, stern asceticism being only a course of preparation for a life of ambition, when abstinence is merely put on by the Muslim priest as a sacerdotal robe for the service of the sanctuary. The Akhund of Swat married soon after he left his solitary dwelling at Beyka, and has left a family of grown-up sons and daughters. But he took another step in the scale of perfection. This weak, feeble old man, shrivelled and blind as he was, and eighty-six years withal, must needs add to his happiness by making another addition to his harem, and only the year before last he was married to a young lady of twenty summers, the daughter of a respectable farmer, who did not scruple to sacrifice the affections of his daughter to his own ambitious designs; for we must not forget to add that the Akhund, although a Dervish, and one who is said to have renounced the world, was a man of considerable wealth, and in the possession of lands and numerous flocks and herds.

At one time there was a disposition on the part of his followers to attribute to him numerous miracles, and although we have never yet met with an eyewitness of these wonders, it is likely that the reputation of at least two miracles said to have been wrought by the Akhund will be transmitted to posterity. They are as follows. A few years ago, in consequence of the increased number of worshippers, instructions were given to a carpenter to enlarge the Akhund's mosque. A large beam was procured for the roof, but when brought into the mosque and measured it was too short by nearly a yard. The Akhund gave instructions for it to be left on the ground for the night. When the carpenter measured the beam in the morning, he found it two yards longer than was required. The beam had elongated itself some three yards during the night under the influence of the miracle-working Akhund! We have never yet met with any one who was present on the

occasion, but the sceptical reader, if he wishes, may visit Sydu and behold the very beam projecting a yard at each end!

A native of Turkey, having heard of the fame of the great Akhund of Swat, determined to visit so celebrated a saint and obtain his blessing. Before leaving his home the Turk made an agreement with his wife that in case he did not return within a period of three years, she should consider him dead and herself divorced. After a tedious journey by sea and land the devoted pilgrim arrived at Sydu, but not until the three years had nearly elapsed. To reach his home in time to prevent his devoted spouse from marrying another was an impossibility, and nothing could console the sorrow-stricken pilgrim, whose countenance was dejected, and whose heart was breaking with indescribable anguish. He could not eat his evening meal, and the attendants reported the circumstance to the Akhund. The Akhund then sent for the Turk and reproved him for his want for submission to the inevitable laws of fate, and then beat the unfortunate pilgrim with such violence that he fell down in a state of insensibility. When the Turk came to his senses he found himself once more in his house in Constantinople just in time to prevent the second marriage of his disconsolate wife!

A man of the village of Pubbi, within British territory, was convicted of immorality. The English courts were ignored, and the case was submitted to the Akhund. A *fatwah** was issued, the culprit was seized, his face blackened, and, seated on a donkey, he was paraded round the village amidst the shouts of the people and the beating of drums.

About four years ago this orthodox teacher succeeded in raising a doctrinal question, which was worthy of the attention of a Lushington or Phillimore. Indeed, it was just one of those questions which have excited the interest of ecclesiastical parties at home. In the midst of the Khatak hills there is a shrine of a celebrated saint known as the Kaka Sahib. The descendants of the celebrated saint are treated with the greatest veneration and respect in all parts of Central Asia, and they have often been employed by Government as spies beyond the British frontier. In accordance with that dogma which asserts that a true Muslim never dies, the descendants of the Kaka Sahib saw no necessity for exchanging blessings of a dead saint for the benedictions of a living Akhund. They refused to acknowledge the spiritual leadership of Abdul Ghafur, Akhund of Swat, and thought themselves secure under the protection of their great ancestor. The audacity of these men was not to be tolerated, and so the crafty Akhund sought an occasion of quarrel. The occasion presented itself. In the Mihrab† of a small mosque near the Kaka Sahib's shrine his devoted descendants had placed a black stone, which had been valued by the saint, and had consequently become an heirloom of his tribe. For years "the faithful" assembling in this mosque had prostrated themselves towards the stone, without their orthodoxy having been once suspected. No one had ever raised the question whether the Kaka Kheyl prostrated themselves towards the Kaka's black stone or the black stone at Mecca, or whether the adoration paid to it was *latria*, *dulia*, or *hyperdulia*. This, however,

was the question raised by the Akhund, and the descendants of Kaka Sahib were charged with idolatry. The Pope of Swat, not being troubled with the intricacies of ecclesiastical courts, sent instructions to another priest to break the stone, and this zealous man, in the true spirit of an iconoclast, took an iron bar and broke it to pieces. Thus the Akhund proved that his power and influence could penetrate even the sacred precincts of the Khatak's sacred shrine.

Such is a brief and imperfect sketch of one whose history does not belong to the "curious myths of the middle ages," but to the living realities of the nineteenth century: a real Mohammedan saint, living in the odour of sanctity, within a day's journey of the civilised life of the British cantonment at Peshawar; a man whose very name has become a household word to thousands!

Like the founder of Islam, the Akhund of Swat commenced his career as a recluse, but when opportunity occurred he exchanged the life of the ascetic for that of an ambitious political and religious leader.

It has been said that the result of an ascetic life is an accumulation of *force*, and that the withdrawal from society of his fellow-men intensifies the individuality of the ascetic; and undoubtedly this was the case with the subject of our present sketch, for whilst there was nothing in the devotional life of the devotee on the island of Beyka to produce mental activity, to draw out the higher affections and the better sentiments of the soul, it all tended to produce that selfishness and love of power which have so marked his subsequent career. Those numerous recitations, those countless rehearsals, and those self-inflicted tortures, all circulated round the false and detestable principle that man, though fallen, can work out by his own unaided strength a title to Divine favour. The utter failure of such exercises to sanctify the soul and give unction to the life, is but too evident in the example before us. Not one single benefit has the Akhund of Swat conferred upon his numerous followers. His whole life was one of self-aggrandisement, all the more repulsive to honest minds because it was carried on under the garb of the Dervish and a professed renunciation of the world.

We do not deny that the ascetic instinct is instinctively connected with the religious instinct; but they are not identical. We believe the Great Master-Teacher drew a very distinct and a very marked line of difference between what is generally understood by the monastic or ascetic life, and the Christian life of abstinence and self-denial. An intimate acquaintance with the false systems of the East, and their boasted asceticism, must convince any candid mind that there is little, if any, parallel between the ascetic life of the Dervish and that "life of Christ," of those who are "kings and priests unto God." The one is a poor sickly flower which draws its life from the malarious atmosphere of earth, the other a strong vigorous plant fostered by the very breath of heaven.

THE MONEY VALUE OF A MAN.

IN a paper recently read before the Statistical Society, Mr. Giffen, the head of the Statistical Department of the Board of Trade, has stated the value of the capital of the nation to be 8,500 million pounds. He, however, has not attempted to include in his estimate the worth of the human being himself.

* A *fatwah* is the written decision of a Muslim lawyer or judge.

† A *Mihrab* is the niche in the centre of the wall of a mosque which marks the direction of Mecca.

The number of the population has been often reckoned, not its value as part of the actual wealth of the nation. But in the last Report of the Registrar-General, Dr. Farre offers a solution of the problem. We propose to lay before our readers the result at which he arrives, merely premising that a man, in an economic sense, is a being with certain powers which possess inherent worth.

A moment's consideration will show what an important part is played in the structure of the national wealth by those natural and acquired powers of body and mind. They are essentially articles of wealth, and have a distinct economic value. For instance, all wages may be considered to be paid for powers, either innate or acquired, in the human being. The lowest in point of value, because the most plentiful, is, of course, physical power, or mere muscular effort with spade, shovel, or hoe—the kind of labour least elevated above that of the horse or ox. The next is mental power, in other words those faculties of the mind which enable the possessor to manage complicated affairs, to exhibit discretion and judgment, to acquire knowledge and apply it to the needs or culture of society, whether as lawyer, physician, judge, author, or artist. Such powers are not only more rare than mere brute force, but require for their full development a special education and training; and, in consequence, demand and obtain more ample remuneration. The last is moral power, or character, without which, indeed, both physical and mental power lose much of their value. Without moral power, or character, there can be no guarantee that the duties which mind and body are fitted to discharge will be punctually and satisfactorily performed. In order that their labour may command its highest price, the ploughman in the field, the barrister in court, the physician in the sick-room, the judge on the bench, must alike inspire their employer, client, patient, or suitor, with the idea that they possess not merely the physical and intellectual qualifications requisite for their respective tasks, but that the exercise of those qualifications will be invariably associated with a due sense of honour; in other words, that they may be trusted. And such a combination of moral with physical and intellectual qualities distinctly adds, be it remembered, to the economic value of the labourer.

These natural and acquired abilities, then, may fairly be regarded as a capital fixed and realised in the person of their possessor. They are transferable. That they are transferred, or sold, in the case of a slave, none can doubt. And what is true of the slave is true also of the free man. The only differences between a slave and a free man in this respect are, as pointed out by Mr. Senior, that the free man *sells himself*, and only for a period, and to a certain extent, while the slave may be sold by others, and absolutely. Again, the personal qualities of the slave are a portion of the wealth of his master; those of the free man, so far as they can be made the subject of exchange, are a part of his own wealth. They perish, indeed, by his death; they may be impaired or destroyed by disease; they may be rendered valueless by any changes in the customs of the country which shall destroy the demand for his services; but, subject to these contingencies, they are wealth, and that of a most valuable kind.

It follows from this mode of regarding the personal qualities of a human being that everything connected with his development—the solicitude and labour of

his parents, the cost of rearing, nurturing, clothing, and educating the child, and of fitting him for a handicraft, profession, or trade—are simply investments of capital, the return of which will be realised when the skilled human being is able to dispose of his services, his talents, or his thoughts for a definite money value, whether in the shape of wages, salary, fee, or profits. And of course this outgo, or cost of production, increases from infancy to manhood; then the earnings commence, increase until they equal and exceed the outgo, and finally diminish as old age creeps on.

In our estimate, then, of the value, in an economic sense, of the human being, we have to consider his *future earning power*, and the necessary outlay throughout his life to enable him to use that power. Applying these principles first of all to the agricultural labourer, whose wages and the cost of whose maintenance have been for many years the subject of the calculations of statisticians, it is found that the present value of his future annual earnings increases from infancy to the age of twenty-five, when it reaches its maximum. Then as old age advances it declines, until it vanishes altogether. Again, the present value of the cost of maintenance and education—including in the latter term, of course, all the training necessary to learn a handicraft—increases from infancy to manhood, and then diminishes. Deducting the one set of totals from the other, we arrive at the excess of earnings over cost of maintenance; in other words, we obtain the money value of a man, at all ages, reckoning interest at 5 per cent.

From a table of this kind, Dr. Farre finds that, so far as the future earnings are concerned, the mean gross value at all ages is £349. But the mean value of the subsistence of the labourer, as child and man, determined by the same method, is about £199. Deducting this sum from £349, there remains £150 as the mean net value of the male population, estimated by the standard of the agricultural labourer. Extending the calculations so as to include females, the £150 is reduced to £110.

Now the population of the United Kingdom amounted in 1876 to rather more than 33 millions. Multiplying this sum by £110, we have 3,640 million pounds as the approximate value of the whole population considered as agricultural labourers. That is to say, these 33 millions of people will, during their lives, earn by their labour and skill a certain sum; they will also consume in sustenance and education a certain other sum, and the present value of the excess of earnings beyond the cost of maintenance is 3,640 million pounds sterling.

So far, then, as to the agricultural labourer. The next point is to extend the calculation to other classes of the community. For this purpose the Registrar-General has recourse to the assessments upon which the income-tax is collected. We may remind our readers that all property and incomes subject to the income-tax are classified into five schedules, distinguished respectively as A, B, C, D, and E. Schedule A deals with the annual value of lands and houses, and represents, in fact, the landlord's tax; B includes the rents arising from the occupation of land, and is the farmer's schedule; C takes cognisance of dividends on public stocks, consols, etc.; D contains the profits arising from trades and professions; while E is concerned with salaries and pensions paid from the national revenues. With schedules A and C, representing respectively the annual value of

property, whether lands, houses, or government stocks, we have nothing to do, for the simple reason that we are now endeavouring to estimate the annual yield of the human being, and not of his property, but we concentrate our attention upon schedules B, D, and E. Excluding the profits of companies, mines, and works, and making a certain addition for incomes below the taxable limit, it is found that the gross assessment under these schedules amounts to 373 million pounds a year. In other words, the annual value, as represented by the profits they have made, the incomes they have earned, or the salaries they have received, of the farmers, professional men, merchants and traders, civil servants and clerks of all kinds, enumerated in these schedules is 373 million pounds. And this we may be assured is an under-estimate, because it is a notorious fact that while here and there an income may be overrated, many are systematically under-stated, and many escape taxation altogether.

Now, it is clear that from this total must be deducted the cost of the maintenance, or, rather, sustenance, of the various classes enumerated in it, together with the interest on the external capital or plant which has been employed in earning the profits. On these accounts the Registrar-General deducts one-half, thus leaving 186½ million pounds as the actual profit inherent in the army of workers of all kinds, whose incomes are under discussion. This is capitalised at ten years' purchase, thus making the value of these incomes 1,865 million pounds. Necessary deductions have to be made because we have included in this total sum incomes already estimated among the labourers, and the result is to make the value 1,610 million pounds. Adding this sum to the 3,640 million pounds previously obtained, we get a grand total of 5,250 million pounds.

The minimum value, then, of the population of the United Kingdom—men, women, and children—is 5,250 million pounds sterling, or £159 a head.

As we have already mentioned, Mr. Giffen's estimate of the capital of the country, of the lands, houses, machinery, live and dead plant of all kinds, is 8,500 million pounds. It must not be forgotten that a large proportion of this value is derived from the population. The worth of the lands and houses depends directly upon the numbers of the people who occupy them; and the profits of the machinery and of the live and dead plant are mainly due to the skill of the human beings who work them. But besides this, we have the value inherent in the population, which, added to the 8,500 million pounds, gives 13,750 million pounds as the grand result of our national stock-taking.

Let us now apply this valuation to the great movements of the population. During the thirty-nine and a half years, during which we have had a complete and trustworthy system of registration, from the middle of 1837 to the end of 1876, the actual increase to the population, that is, the ascertained excess of births over deaths, was, in round figures, 16 millions. One-half of this total, or eight millions, emigrated. As a rule they loyally "followed the flag," and found a new home in the colonies or in the United States. The other half augmented the ranks of the population at home. Dealing with the latter first, and valuing them at the average value of £159, we find that they constitute an actual addition to the wealth of the nation of 1,212 million pounds.

Now, as to the emigrants. They, be it remembered,

are, as a rule, in the prime of life and vigour, and the men far exceed the women in number. Moreover, at the time of their quitting their native homes a considerable proportion of the cost of sustenance has ceased. Allowing for these varied elements, their value may fairly be estimated at £176 per head, so that the worth of this great industrial army was 1,400 million pounds or, on an average, 35 millions a year.

It is obvious that this valuation might be applied to the deaths by disease, to pauperism, and indeed to many other elements of the national life. Enough, however, has been said to illustrate the highly interesting calculation of the Registrar-General, and to open up a fruitful field of inquiry.

Varieties.

POSTAL NOTICES.—With reference to newspapers for foreign parts, the following notice has been issued from the General Post-Office:—"A very large number of newspapers posted for foreign parts are daily kept back and sent to the Returned Letter Office in consequence of one or more of the regulations not being complied with. In the great majority of cases these newspapers cannot be returned to the senders, so that not only do they fail to reach the persons for whom they were intended, but the senders themselves are unaware of their having been detained. The most common fault in these cases is an insufficient prepayment of the postage. Some of the newspapers are prepaid a halfpenny only, which is the postage for an inland newspaper, and some, although exceeding four ounces in weight, are prepaid only a penny, the right postage in most cases being a penny for every four ounces, or fraction of that weight, in the case of each separate newspaper. A large proportion of the newspapers are found to be written upon, or to have enclosures, sometimes letters, inserted in them, and not a few are posted beyond eight days from the date of publication. The public are requested, in order to prevent disappointment to themselves, to be careful not only to prepay sufficient postage on the newspapers which they post for foreign parts, but also to comply strictly with all the regulations affecting such newspapers as laid down in the 'British Postal Guide.'" The following notice has been issued on the subject of books for the United States:—"In a communication received from the United States Post-Office in December last, and announced to the public in notice No. 73, 1877, it was stated that a book sent from this country to the United States in the mails was exempt from Customs duty, provided it did not exceed in value one dollar. The Postmaster-General has now been informed by the United States Post-Office that this exemption is not an absolute right, but is altogether subject to the discretion of the collectors of Customs, who are instructed not to permit the delivery of books imported through the mails which are sent by publishers or booksellers in the way of trade, or which, from the quantity or other circumstances are presumably intended for the use of any one other than the person to whom they are addressed, even though such books are of less value than one dollar. It should be understood that no exemption from duty will be allowed except in the case of single copies of books through the post for the use of private persons sent in good faith for that purpose."

SOCIALISM IN BERLIN.—Hitherto the Prussian Socialists have rarely shown any collective interest in the municipal elections. Now matters appear very different. During the last ten years the numbers of votes given in Berlin for Social Democrats have steadily increased, as follows:—1867, 69; 1871, 1961; 1874, 11,971; 1877, 31,522; 1878, 56,336. According to the suspended "Berliner Freie Presse," 84,000 pamphlets of a Socialistic tendency have been sold in Germany during the past year.

A CLEVER COLLEY.—A Scotch Estate agent, writing to the "Agricultural Gazette" on the subject of Highland Crofters, speaks of a very clever colley belonging to an old acquaintance of his, a shepherd called Donald Grant. Grant had 8,000 hill sheep to look after; rather an undertaking for one man, but he had a most able assistant in his colley, Jessica. The writer states that he has known her to go out by herself in a heavy snow, and quietly keep a large flock moving to prevent them getting

covered, and has seen her pick them out, six at a time, for washing at a river; no more, no less. A boy, who used to have her on Sundays, "told me," he further adds, "that she had far mair sense than her maister." The marvellous sagacity displayed in picking out a particular number of sheep each time is certainly most uncommon.

AN UNRESCINDED ORDER.—One day I was walking with the Emperor of Russia in the Summer Garden of St. Petersburg, when, coming upon a sentinel in the centre of a lawn, I took the liberty of inquiring why the man was placed there. The Emperor did not know. The adjutant did not know. The sentinel did not know, except that he had been ordered there. The adjutant was then dispatched to ask the officer of the watch, whose reply tallied with the sentinel's—"Ordered." Curiosity awakened, military records were searched, without yielding any satisfactory solution. At last an old serving man was routed out, who remembered hearing his father relate that the Empress Catherine II, one hundred years ago, had found a snowdrop on that particular spot, and given orders to protect it from being plucked. No other device could be thought of than guarding it by a sentinel. The order once issued was left in force for a century.—*Prince Bismarck's Memoirs.*

SABBATH ATMOSPHERE.—To those who toil all the week long the Lord's Day seems fairer and fresher than any other day. A person at Newcastle who had a house to let took an applicant for it to the top of his house, spoke of the distant prospect, and added, "We can see Durham Cathedral on a Sunday." "On a Sunday," said the listener, "and pray why not on a Monday?" "Why," said he, "because on the week-days great furnaces and pits are pouring forth their smoke, and we cannot see so far; indeed, we can scarcely see at all; but when the fires are out our view is wide." Is not this a true symbol of our Sabbath-days when we are in the Spirit? The smoke of the world no more besclouds the heavens, and we see almost up to the golden gates.—*Mr. Spurgeon.*

ELECTRIC LIGHT.—If only half of what Mr. Edison says about the electric light be true, it will bring good news to editors, authors, and printers. To an interviewer of the "New York Sun," he said: "We could lay the wires right through the gas pipes, and bring them into the houses. All that will be necessary will be to remove the gas burners and substitute electric burners. The light can be regulated by a screw the same as gas. You may have a bright light or not, just as you wish. You can turn it down or up, just as you please, and can shut it off at any time. No match is needed to light it. You turn the cock, the electric connection is made, the platinum burner catches a proper degree of heat, and there is your light. There is neither blaze nor flame. There is no singing nor flickering. I do not pretend that it will give a much better light than gas, but it will be whiter and steadier than any known light. I do know now that it will be cheaper than gas. It will give no fumes nor smoke. No carbonic acid gas will be thrown off by combustion. It will be a great thing for compositors, engravers, and all forced to work during hot summer nights, for it will throw out hardly any heat. Shades may be used the same as shades upon gaslights, but there will be no real necessity for them. The wind cannot blow it out. There can be no gas explosions, and no one will be suffocated because the electricity is turned on, for it cannot be turned on without lighting the burner. A person may have lamps made with flexible cords, and carry them from one point to another."

PRESIDENT OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY.—Sir Frederick Leighton, the new President of the Royal Academy, was born at Scarborough in December, 1830, so that he has nearly completed his 48th year. He spent much of his early life in studying the schools of painting in Germany, Italy, and other foreign countries, making his head-quarters at Florence, Frankfort, Brussels, and Paris. In 1851 he visited Rome, where he finished his first important painting of the Madonna carried in procession through the streets of Florence, which was one of the most generally admired subjects exhibited at the Academy in 1855. This was followed by "The Triumph of Music," in 1856; "Count Paris and Juliet," in 1858; "La Nanna," etc., 1860; "Paolo and Francesca," 1861; "Odalisque" and "The Star of Bethlehem," 1862; and "Dante in Exile," 1864. The latter painting secured his election among the Associates of the Royal Academy, and he was admitted to the full honours of that body in 1868. From the time of his admission to the Royal Academy he has been a constant exhibitor on its walls; and a mere catalogue of the productions of his fertile pencil would be equally long and superfluous. In 1869 he made an expedition to Egypt, where,

armed with a letter of introduction from the Prince of Wales to the Khedive, he was enabled to see the inner life of the country with greater freedom, and to make his studies consequently in greater detail, than had previously fallen to the lot of any English artist. Some years ago he notified his intention to bequeath the sketches which he made in Egypt to the distinguished society of which he has been elected President.

PUBLIC THANKSGIVING.—There are some occurrences which ought never to be forgotten. Such was the abolition of slavery in the United States of America. In a letter of the late Mr. Stoddard, of Boston, a well-known and philanthropic merchant there, written in 1865, the following incident is recorded:—"Here we have stirring times. One week since I sent you accounts of the defeat of Lee by Grant, and the capture of Richmond and Petersburg. And now I send you the surrender of Lee and his whole army to Grant, which virtually ends the Rebellion. Sherman will take care of Johnson and his army, and no other will be raised, and the war will end. In our public exchange news-room yesterday morning was inscribed in large capitals over the books, 'Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, goodwill towards men.' A crowd of subscribers and merchants gathered there; a prayer of thanksgiving was offered, and the words, 'Praise God from whom all blessings flow,' sung to the tune of Old Hundred."

RAILWAY PARCEL STAMPS.—Most of the railway companies have issued stamps of 4d. and 8d., for carriage of parcels of 1 lb. and 2 lb., over the whole of their respective lines.

HARROW SCHOOL.—A correspondent at Harrow sends some notes which usefully supplement the article on Harrow School in the "Leisure Hour" of November, 1878. The number of boys is 510; of these 60 are home-boarders, i.e., day-boys. The boarding-houses are "large" and "small;" the head master's house, with about 60 boys, the cost being about £120 a-year for each boy; large houses, with about 40 boys, kept by assistant masters, the cost about £150; small houses, with 8 or 9 boys, the cost about £180. The assistant masters succeed by seniority first to a small house and then to a large house.

The age of admission is between 13 and 15, and no boy is admitted after his fifteenth birthday. New boys are placed in the school, on the classical side, by an entrance examination in Greek, Latin, arithmetic, and general knowledge; on the modern side, by an examination in French or German, arithmetic and mathematics. There are 15 classical masters, 4 mathematical, 2 for natural science, and 2 for modern languages on the classical side. The masters vary in age from a hale vigorous septuagenarian to a beardless youth of 23. The modern languages are taught on the classical side by two Frenchmen. On the modern side they are taught by two Fellows of Trinity.

The school hours are from—

7.30 to 9 A.M.	1st school.
11 to 12 or 12 to 1.	2nd school.
3.30 to 4.30.	3rd school.
5.30 to 6.30.	4th school.

All lessons are prepared out of school. There are three half-holidays a week, Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday.

Harrow wins a fair share of honours at the Universities, especially when we remember that the boys are, as a rule, the sons of wealthy men, and frequently sent to Harrow for play rather than work. Very recently three old Harrovians were elected to Fellowships at Trinity College, Cambridge, at the same election, an achievement probably without parallel in the annals of any school. And now, while I write, I learn that a boy of 16 has just won a Balliol Scholarship.

The recent school buildings are—

1. The school chapel.
2. The Vaughan Library, built to commemorate the head mastership of Dr. Vaughan. Both by Sir G. Scott.
3. The new speech-room, by Bagges, on the model of a Greek theatre, where the great annual gathering takes place in the summer term to hear the school speeches. There are likewise natural science class-rooms, gymnasium, and workshop.

One word about the games, without some notice of which an account of Harrow would be incomplete. The chief are football in winter, cricket in summer. All boys as a rule join in games—the younger boys are obliged to do so. The cricket is watched over with fond parental care by two old Harrovians, who come down every summer term to aid in training the boys for the grand annual contest at Lord's—Harrow *versus* Eton. All honour to the names of Ponsonby and Grimston, very dear to all Harrovians, past and present.